

## If We Had but a Day

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things.  
If we had but a day:  
We should drink alone at the purest springs,  
In our upward way;  
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour.  
If the hours were few;  
We should rest not for dreams, but for fresher power.  
To be and to do.  
We should guide our wayward or wearied wills,  
By the clearest light;  
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,  
If they lay in sight;  
We should trample the pride and the discontent  
Beneath our feet;  
We should take whatever a good God sent  
With a trust complete.  
We should waste no moments in weak regret,  
If the day were but one;  
If what we remember and what we forget  
Went out with the sun;  
We should be from our clamorous selves set free  
To work or to pray,  
And to be what the Father would have us be,  
If we had but a day.  
The Silver Cross.

## GRAINS.

Strength is born in the deep silence of long suffering hearts, not amidst joy.

Christ knoweth when the fruit-bearing branches themselves have need of purging.

We cannot expect perfection in any one, but we may demand consistency of every one.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulty of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

Your parting may be the last. This world is full of unconscious farewells. Part in peace every time.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clearer, gives tone to thought, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive into the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little and others much.

Some speak to the conscience; some plough and break the clods; some weed out, and some sow; some wait that the fowls devour not the seed.

Satan selects his disciples when they are idle; but Christ chose His while they were busy with their work, either mending their nets or casting them into the sea.

In studying the work of God, digest it under these heads; either in removing some obstructions that keep God and thee asunder, or as supplying some uniting power to bring God and thee together.

There are two wings by which a man soars above the world,—sincerity and purity. The former regards the intention, the latter the affection. That aspires and aims at a likeness to God, that makes us really like him.

Charity does not require of us that we should not see the faults of others, but that we should avoid all needless and voluntary observance of them, and that we should not be blind to their good qualities when we are so sharp-sighted to their bad ones.

Paul said, "I bow my knees to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Many prayers ignore the existence of God, the Father. They only pray to Christ. We approach God through Christ, but our approaches must be to God. This tendency depraves prayer and spiritual vigor.

Faith ought to show itself at its best when the need of it is greatest. Hence it is that when everything seems to go against us we ought to be surest that all is going well; for, at such a time above all others, it is clear that God is choosing for us, since we should never have chosen this for ourselves.

I cannot but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the Duty of Happiness as well as on the Happiness of Duty; for we ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only because to be happy ourselves, is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.

Whoever else may be ready to trust us, no one of us ought to trust himself. Others may be sure that we would never fail in fidelity to the right. We know that we are liable to fail at any time. He that thinketh he standeth is already tottering for a fall. Only the one who realises his constant danger of proving untrue has the possibility of a sure standing in the way of truth.

A certain means of stopping a dog fight, or loosing a vicious dog's hold upon anything, is to shower snuff on his nose and produce sneezing. Be his will-power ever so strong, the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws.

If the hen and chickens are in the habit of staying in the garden, you might as well pull up the tomato vines. It will be a waste of time and a great strain on your patience to let the two stay together.

## Bill Arp.

TELLS OF HIS BOYHOOD AND ITS TRIALS.

I wish I was a boy and had as much man's sense as I have got now. It makes me right sad to see Carl and his schoolmates plotting and planning for their Saturday frolics. I want to go with them, but I can't. I see them cleaning out their guns and loading up their shells and patting the pointer dog and talking so merrily about the birds they are going to kill, but I can't go. I want to climb a walnut tree and shake the limbs and hear the music of the walnuts rattling down. I want to go chestnut hunting and cut off the top limbs with a hatchet or if the trees are large and tall show my skill in knocking the burrs down with sticks as I used to do on the old academy hill. We boys used to take our bundle of sticks with us to school and hide them under the house until playtime. I want to go 'possum hunting and hear the music of the dogs on the track and the welcome bark when they had treed one of the dusky varmints up a 'simmon tree or a black gum or under a clay root. What a glorious frolic it was to cut him down or dig him out and then split a stick for his curly tail and shoulder him and move on for another victim. I want to go coon hunting and see the fight. I want to go rabbit hunting in the snow. I want to climb a muscadine vine and hunt for black haws and May pops. I want to go to the mill and run a horse race back and cry "school butter" as I pass the country school house on the way. Then the boys would lay for us the next time and surround us and attack us with sticks and rocks and trash poles and the way we ran the gauntlet was thrilling. I think of all these youthful frolics when I see these boys start out and I want to go, but I can't. I'm too old, my time's out, I couldn't keep up. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, very weak. It makes me puff and blow to run or fox trot a hundred yards now. My legs are overloaded with corporosity but my arms are all right. I can chop wood on a wagon with most any man and win it.

It was a rough young life in those days, rougher than it is now, for we didn't wear shoes much, nor coats, nor undershirts, nor drawers, and a home-made cap or a sealskin cap would last two or three years, and then be handed down to the next boy.—Sore toes and stonebruises and burrs in the feet or splinters in the fingers were common to every boy, for there was no aristocracy then. Three yards of nankeen and a shirt and a pair of galluses set a school boy up pretty well for summer, and a suit of country jeans and a pair of shoes was mighty fine for winter. Our mothers cut our garments and made them and it didn't cost more than five dollars a year for a boy, all told. But now it takes about three suits a year of store clothes for the boys. Then there are ten dollars more for hats and shoes. And there are collars and cuffs and cravats and handkerchiefs and gloves and gold buttons and so forth. I went into a store in Atlanta yesterday to buy me a coat and a young man measured me and got out a coat and I put it on and he said it fit me beautifully and I said it didn't and he said it was not the fault of the coat but my shoulders were awkwardly built. I asked him if he thought I was deformed, and he said no, not exactly deformed, but out of the proportion, and so I departed those coats. I tried another store, and they jerked me into a bobtail cutaway, and said it was just splendid. I looked so nobby and genteel. I told him I wanted a frock coat—a black cloth frock coat and he curled up his lip and said that nobody but lawyers and preachers wore them now, and they didn't have my size. So I departed those coats and kept on trying until I got what I wanted but had to have the sleeves cut off a little to suit my arms.  
Atlanta Constitution.

READ AND REMEMBER.—Mrs. Whitney has well said that the great daily test in our lives is "what gets crowded out." What are we thinking, desiring, planning, seeking, determined to have, absorbed in obtaining? Does the world crowd out religion? Do the pleasures of sin crowd out the enjoyments of personal piety? Does business crowd out private devotion, family religion and worship? In your daily life—observe it narrowly—"what gets crowded out?"  
Christian Standard.

If you desire knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. And pleasure come through toil—never by self-indulgence and endence. When one really loves work, his life is a happy one.

It is not the number of acres that a man skims over that makes him either a large or successful farmer. It is what he makes net, above cost of production, for his own toil and interest on the capital invested.

There is a reason for all things, and the small boy wants to know it.  
Somerville Journal.

## Judicious Neglect.

The thoughtful mother, as her cares increase with an increasing family, finds that she must neglect many things she had thought indispensable. The attention she has bestowed on side issues must be concentrated upon central issues. She must contract her enterprises, and many of them, perhaps must be given up for the time altogether. With three or four little children to look after, she cannot devote hours every day to practicing music or painting pictures or embroidering fancy patterns. She may have to relinquish courses of reading, give up society to a large extent, and confine her activities to what may seem a very narrow sphere.

Especially is all this true if, in addition to the care of her children, she does all or the greater part of her own work.

In counting over the items that must be done, those that may be left undone, and those that must be left undone, judicious and discriminating choice is necessary. The family must have good food, wisely selected, well cooked, abundant, and at regular intervals; but all fancy dishes and all that consume a great deal of time in the preparation may be omitted. Children and grown people thrive best on simple and plainly prepared food. Yet this must be selected and cooked with skill and judgment to be good.

Sufficient and suitable clothing must be provided. It should be neatly fitting and becoming, but it need not have a superfluity of stitches and trimming. A plain garment is quickly made, and with the abundance and variety of patterns of every description, for sale in the stores, a woman of moderate mechanical ability can cut and make all ordinary garments worn by her children.

The house must be kept in order. Following the two rules, "A time for every thing and every thing in its time," "A place for every thing and every thing in its place," the house-mother will be able to get round the circle of her work more or less thoroughly. It will help if all superfluous ornamentation of her rooms is put away; if the number of pieces to be handled and dusted and cleaned is reduced to the minimum; if comfort is consulted to the exclusion of style and luxury. These last two items are very expensive of time and enthusiasm. High thinking is easier if the living be plain.

It is unnecessary to pursue this line of remark further. The house-mother who has courage to draw the line of her activities at those things that must be done will find time to care for all the essential interests of her family, and will not waste herself on unnecessary enterprises and superfluities.

## Looking Ahead.

The mayor of Louisville, upon meeting an old negro, drew him aside, and in a voice by no means gentle, thus addressed him:

"Ransom, I am going to have you arrested."  
"How come dat?"  
"Why, for having obtained money under false pretenses."  
"I ain't done nothin' like dat, sah; I 'lar to goodness I ain't."  
"Didn't you come to me yesterday and get a dollar?"  
"Yes, sah."  
"Well, but you trifling scoundrel, I saw your son on the street just now."  
"Hah?"  
"You know what I said?"  
"Yas, sah; yas but I didn't tell you de boy was dead, did I?"  
"Didn't tell me he was dead! You infernal old idiot; did you suppose I thought you were going to bury him alive?"  
"No, sah."  
"Then what did you mean by saying that you didn't tell me he was dead?"  
"Now, jes hol' on, sah; jest wait a minit. Dat boy ain't been in good helf fur er laung time, an', dat I'd hatter bury him sooner or later, w'y I 'lowed better raise de money durin' de busy season, when de folks wasn't hard pressed. I see mighty kine hearted dis way, sah, monstrous kine hearted, but er man don't git no credit in dis yere world o' sin fur bein' kine hearted. An' ergin, I see er man dat doan blebe in puttin' off er thing that he knows has got to be done. Knows dat I'll hatter bury dat chile putty soon, and yere you come an' wanten punish me fer takin' up de decession in time."  
"You old rascal, that boy is in excellent health."  
"Who, dat chile? You don't know dat chile like I does, sah. Dat boy suffers wid der gestion, but it's jest as I says, er honest an' kine hearted man doan git no credit in dis yere sin cussed world."

Bishop Temple of London, relates that when he was once worshipping in an East-end church, where a musical service is a distinguishing feature, he joined in the singing to the best of his ability. A workingman, not recognizing the dignitary beside him, and after fidgeting about for some time, finally nudged the Bishop, at the same time whispering, "I say, gub'ner, you dry up; you're spoiling the whole show."

## Two Faces.

BY ANNA TEMPLE.

I saw two faces; both were crowned  
With whitened hair.  
And one unpleasant was to see,  
And one was fair.

I questioned Wisdom of the cause,  
And she replied,  
That sin within one heart had lived,  
In one had died.

## Who Was "Jack Robinson?"

Once upon a time there was a farmer, named Robinson, who was much annoyed by the bad habit a certain wolf had of eating his sheep. The farmer reasoned with him, and even offered to pay for having him sent to a private asylum where they cured such bad habits. But the wolf said he preferred to remain a slave to the sheep appetite.

Farmer Robinson then tried to overcome him by means of traps, pitfalls, poisoned meat, and other snares; but the wolf was a wary old beast, and for a long time the only way John Robinson knew that his enemy was alive was by the death of his sheep. You can imagine his joy, then when one morning he came upon the wolf securely caught by the tail in a trap. The farmer approached the wolf and upbraided him. He then raised his stick to beat him to death.

But the wolf, who had borne all his reproaches meekly, stopped him by an imperious wave of his paw, and said "Prithee, let me say a word."

The wolf, as the discerning reader doubtless notices, was a wolf of the old school, and used a certain stately courtesy even in addressing a farmer about to kill him. But since the narrator's old wolf English is a trifle rusty, he will translate the remainder of the talk into the language used by common Americans.

"I am," continued the wolf, "caught by the tail in your trap; but with one backward spring—about as backward as the spring of 1888—I can be free. It is true my tail is in your power, but your sheep will be in mine, and I assure you they shall suffer for it. Now, though my tail be an old one I am fond of it, and am willing to restrain my love of sheep somewhat if you will let me go tailfully."

Worthy John Robinson was deeply moved by words of the wolf, and cogitated long, wondering what hard terms he might propose without bringing on a backward spring. At length he said:

"I will let you go on condition that you agree henceforth to eat no sheep of mine."

"But," exclaimed the wolf, "in that case I shall starve?"

"Not at all," said the farmer you may eat my neighbor's sheep."

Now, the farmer knew very well that his neighbors had no sheep. The wolf also knew it; but from earliest infancy he had been renowned for his great acuteness, so he merely said:

"How shall I be able to tell your sheep from your neighbors?"

"You can ask them to whom they belong, and if they answer 'Jack Robinson,' you must leave them in peace."

"Well," said the wolf, your terms are pretty hard, but I will do as you say. Whenever I wish to eat a sheep, I will ask her to whom she belongs, and if she answers, 'Jack Robinson,' I will let her go in peace."

Thereupon the farmer freed the wolf's tail from the trap, and went home rejoicing. But his joy was of short duration, for the wolf developed a remarkable quickness of eating, and whenever he met a sheep he asked her to whom she belonged, and then ate her up before she could say *Jack Robinson*.—Selected.

Charcoal is a wonderfully useful article to feed to poultry. It acts on the blood and tones it up, the result of which is readily noticeable in the bright-color of the comb and wattles and activity displayed by the chicken itself.

For young fools there are several cures—education, experience, being vigorously set down on, etc.; but for old fools there is only one remedy—death.

## A Sermonette on Etiquette

One hardly likes to say the word "etiquette" when the question is that of being kind and lovely in one's own family. Yet if members of the same household used a little more ceremony toward each other, no harm would be done. What true gentleman would treat his mother or his sister with less courtesy than he would a chance acquaintance? No one would greatly respect a boy whose custom it was to let his sister trot about on his errands—run upstairs for his handkerchief, fly hither and thither to bring his bat or his racket. I well remember the surprise of a young lady when, in a certain family, the brother sprang up to light the gas for his sister, and when the latter attempted to put some coal on the open fire, quickly took the hod from her hand, and did the work himself.

"You wouldn't catch my broth'r be-

ing so polite to me!" she said.

"So much the more shame to your brother!" I thought.

Every boy ought surely to feel a certain care over his sister, even if she be older than he. As a rule, he is physically stronger, and consequently better able to bear the burdens of life than she. There is nothing more charming the chivalrous protection which some boys (bless them!) lavish on their fortunate "women folk." And nothing is so attractive to other girls as to see a boy gentle and tender to his sister.

As for you, dear girls, you would never be so rude as to fail to acknowledge any courtesy which your brother paid you? If you would deem it extremely unlady-like not to thank any person who gave up his seat in the horse-car to you, or who helped you across an icy spot on the sidewalk, you would blush to be less grateful for a similar kindness on the part of your brother. If he is ready to place a chair or open a door for you, to make sure that you have an escort after dark to take off his hat to you on the street, to ask you to dance with him at a party, surely you are eager to please him. To sew on a stray button, or mend a rip in his gloves; to thank him for taking pains to call for you and bring you home from a friend's house; to bow as politely to him, and to accept him for a partner with the same pleasant smile which you would have for some one else's brother.

A boy should learn the habit of easy politeness in all circumstances, but if there be one place on earth where one should use freely his very best manners, it is in his own home.

Harper's Young People.

## A Story of Prince Albert.

When Prince Albert came to England to live, he had some of the free and easy habits of Sabbath keeping which prevail upon the Continent. His notions, too, of deference which the subjects of the queen would pay him were a little at fault. William Hill, a famous organ builder, told a story of an encounter he had with the Prince in early days of his residence in England.

On one occasion Prince Albert sent for him, on Sunday morning, to consult about a royal chapel organ. The sturdy man took no notice of the summons at the time, but attended promptly on the following day.

"Mr Hill, said the Prince, who was unused to the strict English ways of Sabbath observance, 'I sent for you yesterday.'"

"I believe you did," was the limited form of reply.

"But you did not come."

No," said Hill, "I never do business on Sunday."

The hero of this adventure used to add that the queen was present at the interview, but she took no part in the conversation. "She only seemed to be very much amused," he said. The Prince, however learned the lesson, and tried, without complete success, to fall into English ways.

## Expect Little.

The less we expect from this world the better for us. The less we expect from our fellow-men, whether of spiritual help or of inspiring example, the smaller will be our disappointment. He that leans on his own strength leans on a broken reed. We are always going to be something stronger, purer, and holier. Somewhere in the future there always hangs in the air a golden ideal of a higher life that we are going to reach; but as we move on, the dream of better things moves on before us also. It is like the child running over behind the hill to catch the rainbow. When he gets on the hill-top, the rainbow is as far off as ever. Thus do our day-dreams of a higher Christian life keep floating away from us; and we are left to realize what frail, unreliable creatures we are when we rest our expectations of growth and victory over evil in ourselves. "My soul, wait thou only upon God! My expectation is only from him."

I saw a sign painter take a dish full of gold dust and pour it over the board upon which he was working; but when he turned it over, it nearly all seemed to slide off. But no! not all; the lines where his brush had been drawn a few moments before with the adhesive preparation, these caught the glittering particles and held them firm. And so, thought I, must the teachers of God now do. Pour the golden sand of the Gospel over the whole congregation, and if it seems to slide off, and get no hold upon the hearts, let us know that many a one who has been touched with the preparing grace of the Holy Spirit will catch and hold fast the word of life, and so the word shall not return to God void.—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

If the newspapers told half of all they know, a social revolution would ensue in short order. It is what is kept out of a paper, not what goes in, that keeps the world running smooth.

## The Secret of Health.

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify! simplify! simplify!" Don't over-eat. Don't starve.

"Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air, day and night. "O, if you knew what was in the air!" Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"Work like a man; but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is fatal disease."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—The Laws of Life.

## Hereditary Criminality.

Rev. C. McCulloch, of Indiana, read a paper before the National Conference of Charities and Correction, recently held in Buffalo, N. Y., in which some startling facts on the subject of heredity and crime were brought out. Mr. McCulloch elucidated his theme with the aid of a diagram, showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations, numbering 1,692 persons. The history of these people had been followed up for fifty years. It was of the most startling nature. There had been several murderers in the group and thieves without number. They did not work, but lived by begging and petty thieving. The children died young. Licentiousness characterized the men and women. Out of the 1,692 persons but one had been known to rise from them and become an honorable man.

Well may every parent ponder upon such facts as these. The responsibility for such a progeny of vice and crime is awful to contemplate, and yet, more awful to meet in the Day of Judgment. Holiness does not run in the blood like sin does, but it does propagate physical health and mental and moral strength. For the sake of posterity, then, let parents be pure and true. It tells on future generations.

When you are young grief is a tempest which prostrates you; at mature age it is simply a north wind, which adds a wrinkle to your brow and one more white hair to your head.

## Farm and Garden Notes.

Cheerful work is an investment at compound interest.

Teach the boys to respect farming as an occupation.

Wash off dirt and care together when you go into the house.

The most valuable possession in this world is independence, and the thrifty farmer is the most independent man living.

There is always something wanting to be done in the barn, stable or tool-house on a rainy day.

No farmer should be afraid to wear good clothes at the proper time. Let your best suit be a good one, and take good care of it.

The night is for rest, but all rest is not sleep. Reading aloud, cheerful conversation, or a pleasant call on a neighbor in the evening, is the best kind of rest and promotes sound sleep afterward.

A dealer who handles a great deal of fine butter remarked the other day: "I have just had to stop taking the butter of a man who really makes a very palatable article, but who will persist in churning but once a week. When this butter comes in it seems all right; but after a day or two it becomes rancid."

All authors agree that there is scarcely a function of the body which escapes the injury done by the influence of great dejection of spirits. That long continued grief and anxiety of mind hasten the development of other diseases can readily be believed, and, when those affections are once manifested, their progress is more rapid when urged on by the depressing influence of this harassing passion.

Mrs. Fleecy—Have you any Geo. Washington relics?

Second Hand Dealer—No, ma'am just sold the last piece to-day; expect a fresh lot from the manufacturer next week.

Life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your work and stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work.